

Nympho

A MAGAZINE FOR LESBIANS NO. 3





Opening her eyes, Elva saw the woman's panties close to her face. Pulling and tugging, stretching her neck until it hurt, Elva drew the woman closer to her and pushed her face between the warm, silken thighs.

Elva wished desperately that she had taken the woman's panties off earlier so that she would be able to do to Barbara what was so excitingly being done to her, but it was too late for that. Her hands did not have the freedom, her body did not have the strength.





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Her mouth was on the crotch of Barbara's panties and she licked and sucked at the already wet, very warm fabric, wishing she could tear it away with her teeth so that the vulva would be on her mouth without the unwanted intrusion of nylon.

With each breath, she detected the faint, musky perfume of woman crotch and each time, she felt a renewed thrill as she strove to inhale more and more deeply.

But even that was forgotten as her body tensed and told her she was about











to go into orgasm. As she did so, Elva pressed her face into the woman's crotch which beautifully muffled her broken cries and moans.

The spasm kept tearing through her, stronger ... stronger ... unbearably stronger until the last one hit and her body floated in a beauty and warmth and peace that was incredible.

And then it was like waking or perhaps being born as she opened her eyes and discovered that she was lying in Barbara's arms, her cheek resting on the warm, smooth shoulder.











"Well, darling," Barbara whispered warmly, "you've been there. Did you enjoy the trip?"

Elva tried very hard to tell her how much she had enjoyed it, all of it, then gave up trying.

"There aren't enough words in the world to tell what it was like," she whispered, her voice weak. "Will it always be like that?"

"No, darling, not always the same, but I hope every one will be good."

"How do you feel, Barbara?"

"Like there's a bush fire burning between my legs. I know that can't be though because I've got the wettest panties in town. I don't know how that could have happened."

"It happened," Elva told her, "because they were in my way and kept me from getting my mouth right on you the way I wanted to. I wanted to chew them off you, but I was afraid my teeth would hurt you."

"You're very sweet, Elva. You weren't at all afraid of having your face in my crotch like that?"

"How could I have been when you were doing that wonderful thing to me? Oh God, how I wanted to do it to you."

"Do you still want to, darling?"

"Yes. More than anything in the world I want to

suck and lick and kiss your cunny like you did to me.”

“Then why don’t you take my wet panties off and do something about it? Unless of course,” Barbara went on with a teasing grin, “you’re only pretending and saying those things just to be nice to me.”

“I’ll show you how much I’m pretending,” Elva replied as she turned on the bed and reached for the woman’s panties to get them out of the way. “Come on, lift that lovely bum or I’ll turn you over and spank it.”

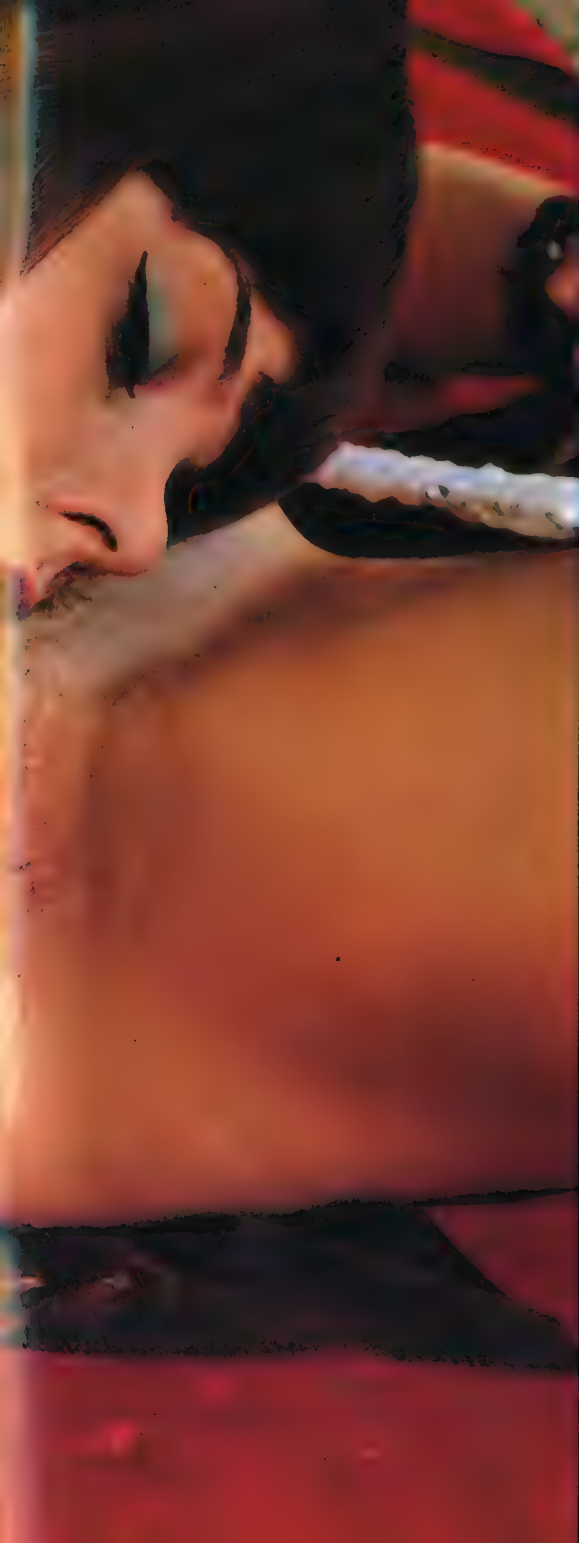












Laughing, delighted at how quickly the girl had made the transition from girlish innocence to confident lesbian lover, Barbara raised her bottom and felt her panties being stripped down.

A beatific smile lighting and warming her usually stern face, Barbara trembled with delight as she watched the young beauty staring between her raised and parted thighs as though she could devour the woman with them.

"It's going to feel wonderful, darling," she told Elva in an almost groan. "I can almost feel your mouth on me right now."

Without replying, the girl pressed her face between the smooth thighs and felt soft, moist lips under her mouth as she went all the way down and the warm body jerked up at her in an erotic, responding kiss.

Elva couldn't believe that she really had her face in the crotch of a woman, her tongue right up inside her body, and yet, she told herself, if it turned out to be only a dream, she would die when she woke.

But the sighs and groans of the woman, the writhing of the body under her hands and mouth, and the sweet musk which intoxicated the girl, assured her that it was anything but a





dream, that she had, perhaps, discovered the one, true reality in all of life, the sweet, physical love of woman for woman.

Barbara climaxed strongly, her body bucking violently, her delightfully wet crotch massaging the face of the girl who thrilled anew with each new contact of the woman's warm, wet crotch on her face.

At the ultimate high point of the orgasm, Barbara pushed Elva's face out of her crotch and flailed her arms and legs in utter abandon, then it passed and a







look of peace and joy came over her face. For the first time, Elva saw that Barbara was beautiful. It told her something about the power of physical love and it gave her renewed hope for herself.

Earlier, in their rush to nudity, neither had removed her garter belt or nylons, and they sat that way on the bed as they talked of what they had discovered, or at any rate, what the girl had discovered and what had been rediscovery for the woman.

"Have you gotten over your funny feelings about showing me all this?" Elva asked.

"I have for the time being, darling," Barbara replied. "They'll probably come back during the night, when I'm alone."

"If so, don't let them in," the girl told her. "After all, I seduced you, you know. It wasn't the other way around."

"I suppose you did at that," Barbara grinned, "but it was up to me as a mature woman not to give in. I rather suspect my conscience will take a few swipes at me."

"That would be silly, you really couldn't have stopped me."

"You think not?" Barbara asked, grinning.

"I'm sure not. I'd have raped you. Is there such a









thing as lesbian rape?"

"I don't know, darling," Barbara laughed, "but let's not fight about it anyway."

They didn't fight about it then or later and enjoyed a torrid romance until Elva went away to college. The girl still sees Barbara for brief revivals of their affair during vacations, but they tend more to talk about the past and the present than about the future, nor does Elva mention casual affairs she enjoys from time to time with similarly inclined sorority sisters. Barbara, wisely, doesn't ask.



